

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE SHALL KITTY TELL?

Chapter CXXVII.

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I did not get to my mail until late this morning and first opened the envelope which was addressed in Kitty Malram's dashing hand. It contained news which much surprised me, but which I was very glad to hear.

"Do you know, dear Margie," she said, "that I shall always thank you for this great happiness that has come to me? And I was rather skeptical and bitter when you told me that half the fascination of my affair with Bill Tenney came from the fact that I had a feeling that I was partaking of stolen fruit.

"I did not realize that what I loved in Will Tenney was his ability to give me what I called a good time; that, without his motor cars, his wonderful dinners, his flowers and other luxurious gifts, he would mean nothing to me. Then shall I confess it, dear, the knowledge that people were wondering about me—that I was in the limelight of public chatter and conjecture was pleasant. It kept me in a whirl of excitement all the time.

"I thought I loved him, but I know now that all I loved was love. For I have found a man—the man in all the world for me. He will never give me any of the things that Will Tenney offered, first because he would consider them harmful and, last, because he will never have the money nor the inclination to pay for them.

"Think of it, Margie! Here am I, four months after telling you that my heart was breaking over Will Tenney, owning up to you that the only man I ever really and truly loved is a poor preacher, living in a settlement house, but a man who does more real unselfish work in one day than Will Tenney has done in the whole period of his idle, irresponsible life.

"And, oh, Madge, I have seen so much poverty and hardship since I

came here that those dinners, with their vintage, wines, fragrant flowers and costly food, lie heavy on my conscience. They seem such a piffling way in which to pass a life—and life means so much to me now.

"I am going to work all the rest of my days among these women workers who are oppressed by the heavy hands of greed and graft. Herbert has told me that, at first, he could not believe that I was in earnest, but that his love for me grew with my unselfish devotion to the needy, and that now he felt that neither of us could work out the best that is in us without the other's help.

"He wants me to be his wife, and I want him so that when he took me in his arms last night and kissed me, I felt ashamed that I had ever allowed another man to touch my lips. I would give years of my life if I could bring to Herbert lips unsullied by a man like Will Tenney.

"And now, Margie, what shall I do?

"Shall I tell Herbert of the episode with Will? I am afraid that I will lose some of his beautiful faith in me if I do.

"Of course, you know there is nothing more to tell than a fast and furious courtship with a married man, but is Herbert broad enough to understand? I know he is big enough to forgive, but I don't want to be forgiven as a sinner, Margie. I want to be understood as a being imbued with human qualities that can be turned upward to the stars or down to the very gates of hell.

"Margie, dear, come over and see me and let's talk it out.

"In the meantime remember I am deliriously happy, even though I am a little afraid."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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Ribbons are a distinct feature in spring millinery.